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#### SHERIFF'S SALE UNDER

#### DEED OF TRUST

Whereas, on the 18th day of August, 1914, Ida Seger and John C. Seger, her husband, did convey unto F. H. Dearing, Trustee, all of their right, title and interest in and to a certain piece of land in said deed of trust described, which said deed of trust is recorded in book 102 at page 376 of the land records of St. Francois County, Missouri, in trust to secure the payment of a note and interest in said deed of trust described, and

Whereas, said note and interest is now due and remains unpaid, and

Whereas, the said F. H. Dearing, Trustee, in said deed of trust, has failed and refused and still fails and refuses to act as such trustee, and

Whereas, by said deed of trust, it is provided that on the failure or refusal of said trustee to execute said deed of trust, the Sheriff of St. Francois County should execute the same.

Now, therefore, at the request of the legal holder of the said note, I, the undersigned Sheriff of St. Francois County, do hereby give notice that I will, on

Saturday, the 30th day of December,

1922,

expose to sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash at the south front door of the Court House in the City of Farmington, County of St. Francois and State of Missouri, the following real estate, to-wit:

All the surface rights only, in and to the following tracts: First—Part of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section fourteen (14), township thirty-seven (37) north, range four (4) east: Beginning on the east line of the said northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section fourteen (14), at the southeast corner of a certain tract of land conveyed to Henry Janis by James Hawke and wife by deed dated March 16, 1877, and recorded at page 264 of Book "R" of the records of the office of the Recorder of Deeds for said St. Francois County, which said corner is 1.50 chains south of a certain five-acre tract of land formerly owned by Conrad Norwine; running thence south 3.56 chains to the northeast corner of a certain tract of land conveyed to Frederick W. Hawke by James Hawke and wife by a deed dated March 3rd, 1877, recorded at page 249 of Book "R" of the aforesaid records; thence west 1.95 chains to the northwest corner of said Frederick Hawke's tract of land; thence north 6 degrees east 3.45 chains to the southwest corner of the aforesaid tract of land conveyed to Henry Janis; thence east 1.60 chains along the south line of said Janis's land to the place of beginning, containing sixty-two-one-hundredths of an acre.

Second—Also a part of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section fourteen (14), township thirty-seven (37) north, range four (4) east: Beginning at the northwest corner of the tract of land conveyed to Frederick Hawke by the deed recorded at page 249 of Book "R" as aforesaid, said beginning point being also the southwest corner of the tract of land described above; running thence north 6 degrees east 5.02 chains along the west line of the tract of land above described and the west line of the Henry Janis tract of land to the northwest corner of said Henry Janis's tract of land; thence running west 95 links to the east line of a road 20 feet wide donated to the public by Lydia Florio; thence south 3 degrees west 5 chains with the east line of said road to a stake; thence east 63 links to the place of beginning, containing thirty-nine one-hundredths of an acre; except a parcel of land containing fourteen one-hundredths of an acre described as follows: Beginning at the northeast corner of said tract of land containing 39-100ths of an acre; running thence west 95 links to the east line of the aforesaid road 20 feet wide; thence south 3 degrees west along the east line of said road 1.61 chains; thence east 86 links to the southwest corner of the aforesaid Henry Janis tract of land; thence north 6 degrees east 1.57 chains to the point of beginning, conveyed by J. S. Ferguson and wife to James Christopher by a deed dated April 28th, 1882, and recorded at page 393 of Book "X" of the aforesaid records.

To satisfy said debt and interest and the cost and expenses of this sale. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand at the Court House, County of St. Francois and State of Missouri, this 5th day of December, 1922.

JOHN G. HUNT,  
Sheriff of St. Francois County.  
Dec. 8, 15, 22, 29.

#### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of Robert E. Quick, N. C. M. (now deceased), that I, Mary L. Quick, guardian of said person of unsound mind, intend to make final settlement thereof at the next term of the Probate Court of St. Francois

### Happy, Though Older

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

NOT by mourning because life cannot be all springtime. Not by thinking that youth can be powdered, painted, dressed and affected into renewal. Not by looking backward and living upon reminiscence. Not by counting up our losses.

In fourfold beauty life is on the wing. As well try to change the course and succession of seasons as to hold back the progress of our ages. Spring, summer, autumn, winter are not only for nature, but for human nature. No one is deceived by imitation when we are not just as young as we used to be. Fading pictures and a passing show, "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," are just the differences in life's weather.

But every season has its own peculiar beauty. Every day of every year is really a gem on Time's finger. There is even a majestic and terrible beauty in a storm. In the long monotony of the doldrums at sea one could hail a cyclone. In the dusty glare of protracted drought a flood could be welcomed. In too much of any season the wish arises for the rest of the program. Change opens up new vistas of the scenery of our histories. The afternoon of life is meant to be a pleasant outlook upon its harvest fields, a gathering in of that wealth of production that requires time and patient toil. The enjoyment of that richness of character that is given only to long experience. Wisdom can never be hastily acquired. Nothing can be done in less time than it takes. Even God must wait until full for a ripe apple.

Age marks progress and gives leisure. To look forward and go on with power of choice hitherto denied, and to have time and opportunity to do as one likes, rather than as he must, these are much. To have acquired new powers of thought and to have time for books, to hobnob with a few cronies, to have a little something to do, to sit on the porch and see the world go by, to look beyond the setting sun to a new day, and beyond the coming winter to a new spring—all these and more may mean that age has kept the best wine until now!

666 quickly relieves Colds and LaGrippe, Constipation, Biliousness and Headaches.

### Weak Back

Mrs. Mildred Pipkin, of R. F. D. 8, Columbia, Tenn., says: "My experience with Cardui has covered a number of years. Nineteen years ago . . . I got down with weak back. I was run-down and so weak and nervous I had to stay in bed. I read of

## CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

and sent for it. I took only one bottle at that time, and it helped me; seemed to strengthen and build me right up. So that is how I first knew of Cardui. After that, . . . when I began to get weak and 'no account', I sent right for Cardui, and it never failed to help me."

If you are weak and suffering from womanly ailments, Cardui may be just what you need. Take Cardui. It has helped thousands, and ought to help you.

At all druggists' and dealers'.

County, State of Missouri, to be held at Farmington, on the 8th day of January, 1923.  
MARY L. QUICK, Guardian.  
Dec. 8, 15, 22, 29, Jan. 5.

## New Year's Ideas



IT HAS been a very joyous day," said the New Year. "It has been my first day here and I must say I have greatly enjoyed it."

"Old Man Winter is not at all the chilling, cold creature I expected him to be. By no means. Of course it is true he is cold, but his spirit is a nice one. He has the kind of coldness about him that I like. It doesn't make people feel unhappy, but it makes them feel like walking and doing things. It makes them feel energetic and glowing."

"It has been such a beautiful day, too. As for the people—they have been fine!"

"They have gone about wishing each other a happy New Year and the greetings have been so pleasant and cheerful."

"Now I have a few new ideas. Perhaps they are not really new. But they are new to me. I've heard it said that there is really nothing so very new."

"Anyway, I'm going to tell these ideas of mine."

"Whether they are new or not, I am hoping everyone will like them."

"Now today has been the first day of the year, as everyone knows. Everyone has wished everyone else such delightful wishes. That is no news."

"But my ideas are these:

"Why not keep up this spirit all through the year? Of course I do not mean that everyone should wish everyone else a happy New Year every day of the year."

"That would be very foolish."

"But I would like the same spirit to be about all the time. I would like it if everyone felt that they were wishing the best for everyone else at all times."

"It would be so nice if people could feel happy toward others all the time."

"For example it would be so nice not to have any jealousy about. It would be so nice not to have some envious of others."

"It would be wonderful if when one person heard that some friend had had good luck for it to make them happy too."

"That would make the very air full of happiness and cheer. I don't mean that I think everyone should go about with a silly grin. That would be foolish and tiresome."

"My idea is for them to have their hearts smiling so that their words would be cheery and so that they would feel so much goodwill toward each other."

"I had a talk with the Old Year just before he went."

"He told me that the one thing which had made him really sad at times had been the senseless quarrels and ugly words and mean speeches which once in awhile he had heard."

"Such things he said had made him cry. And when a year cries there is sorrow in the air."

"He told me that the reason, or at least one of the reasons, why everyone was so happy at Christmas time was because everyone felt happiness and wished friends happiness and merriment."

"And it is the Christmas spirit and the New Year spirit that I would like to see kept up all the year."

"As I say, these may not be new ideas of mine, but they are ideas I feel very strongly."

"For example, I would like it if mothers and daddies were just the same all the year as they were at Christmas time, and if children were the same too, wanting to do for each other, saying kindly things."

"I would like it if grownups never hurt children's feelings—those grownups who don't understand children. I wish they would never say things to hurt the feelings of children."

"The New Year is young and knows that one can feel hurt when one is very young."

"And I would like it if children never hurt the feelings of older people and never acted as though they felt they were old or tiresome."

"The Old Year told me something about that and the Old Year told me how the feelings of older people could be hurt."

"Yes, let's wish everyone a happy New Year and happiness all through the year and let's keep wishing it in our hearts all the time. When we think of mean or cross or impatient things to say let us say 'Happy New Year' to ourselves."

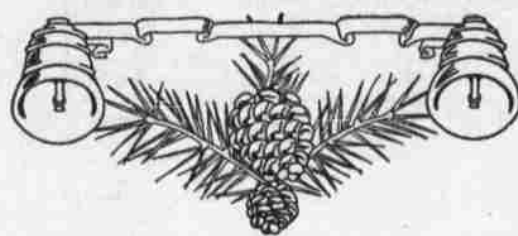


## For the NEW YEAR

Our sincere wish to all is that a full measure of Health, Happiness and Prosperity may attend you throughout

1923

A. C. BOYD



### A Thought for the New Year

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman in the New York Sun

TWO storks were nesting. He was a young stork—and narrow-minded. Before he married he had consorted mainly with striplings of his own kind and had given no thought to the ladies, either maid or matron.

After he married his attention was concentrated upon his All-Satisfying Wife; upon that Triumph of Art, Labor and Love—their Nest, and upon those Special Creations—their Children. Deeply was he moved by the marvelous instincts and processes of motherhood. Love, reverence, intense admiration, rose in his heart for Her of the Well-Built Nest; Her of the Gleaming Treasure of Smooth Eggs; Her of the Patient Brooding Breast, the Warming Wings, the downy wide-mouth Group of Little Ones.

Assiduously he labored to help her build the nest, to help her feed the young. Proud of his impassioned activity in her and their behalf, devoutly he performed his share of the brooding while she hunted in her turn. When he was a-wing he thought continually of Her as one with the Brood—His Brood. When he was on the nest he thought all the more of Her, who sat there so long, so lovingly, to such noble ends.

The happy days flew by, fair Spring—sweet Summer—gentle Autumn. The young ones grew larger and larger; it was more and more work to keep their lengthening, widening beaks shut in contentment. Both parents flew far afield to feed them.

Then the days grew shorter, the sky grayer, the wind colder; there was large hunting and small success. In his dreams he began to see sunshine, broad, burning sunshine day after day; skies of limitless blue; dark, deep, yet full of fire; and stretches of bright water, shallow, warm, fringed with tall reeds and rushes, teeming with fat frogs.

They were in her dreams, too, but he did not know that.

He stretched his wings and flew

in every way; but his wings were not satisfied. In his dreams came a sense of vast heights and boundless spaces of the earth streaming away beneath him; black water and white land, gray water and brown land, blue water and green land, all flowing backward from day to day, while the cold lessened and the warmth grew.

He felt the empty sparkling nights, stars far above, quivering, burning; stars far below, quivering more in the dark water, and felt his great wings, wide, strong, all sufficient, carrying him on and on.

This was in her dreams, too, but he did not know that.

"It is time to go!" he cried one day. "They are coming! It is upon us! Yes—I must go! Good-by, my wife! Good-by, my children!" For the Passion of Wings was upon him.

She was stirred to the heart. "Yes, it is time to go!" she cried. "I am ready! Come!"

He was shocked, grieved, astonished. "Why, my dear!" he said. "How preposterous! You cannot go on the Great Flight! Your wings are for brooding tender little ones! Your body is for the Wonder of the Gleaming Treasure—not for days and nights of ceaseless soaring! You cannot go!"

She did not heed him. She spread her wide wings and swept and circled far and high above—as, in truth, she had been doing for many days, though

he had not noticed it. She dropped to the ridge-pole beside him where he was still muttering objections. "Is it not glorious!" she cried. "Come! They are nearly ready!"

"You Unnatural Mother!" he burst forth. "You have forgotten the Order of Nature! You have forgotten your Children! Your loving, precious, tender, helpless Little Ones!" And he wept—for his highest ideals were shattered.

But the Precious Little Ones stood in a row on the ridge-pole and flapped their strong young wings in high derision. They were as big as he was, nearly; for as a matter of fact he was but a Young Stork himself.

Then the air was beaten white with a thousand wings; it was like snow and silver and sea-foam; there was a flashing, whirling, a hurricane of wild joy, and then the Army of the Sky spread wide in due array, and streamed Southward.

Full of remembered joy and more joyous hope, finding the high sunlight better than her dreams, she swept away to the far summer-land; and her children, mad with the happiness of the First Flight, swept beside her.

"But you are a Mother!" he panted, as he caught up with them.

"Yes!" she cried joyously, "but I was a Stork before I was a Mother—and Afterward—and All the Time!"

And the Storks were Flying.

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